

# GOVERNOR'S WIFE WILL

Stay to "Pull" Onions Before Coming

TO THE CAPITOL CITY.

She Goes Smiling About Her Daily Tasks.

Eaton, O., June 22.—"Andrew Harris, president? Humph! I'd rather see him at home tending to his own business!"

It does not seem a bit polite to tell it, but Caroline Conger Harris, the first lady of Ohio, gave an audible sniff of disgust as she said it.

"Mr. Harris has plenty to keep him busy without the cares of public office," she said tersely. "Any man who can manage three big farms and be home for his meals occasionally has his hands full."

It was early morn of a perfect June day at Eaton, Ohio, the home of the new governor and his wife. Overhead fleecy white clouds sailed like fairy barges in a sea of blue; broad patches of golden sunlight filtered through the interlaced boughs of apple and cherry trees and fell warmly on the clover-dotted lawn.

From every tree and shrub and rosebush rang out the martin songs of silvery throated birds—the row of tall scarlet geraniums and fuchsias on the front porch were yet bright with dew.

As I came up the maple lined avenue with its poetic name—Cherry street—toward the governor's house, a wiry little woman in a black and white checked calico wrapper and a gingham apron stoops arms akimbo on the pavement directing three men in overalls at work. This was Mrs. Andrew Lintner Harris, wife of the governor of Ohio, who would rather have her husband attend to his own business than be president of the United States. The men were tenants on the Harris farm, about six miles from Eaton, comprising some 500 acres.

They were removing the stone curbing before the governor's town house to use in that new barn Andrew Harris was working on when the news came that John M. Pattison was dead and he had succeeded to the cares and honors of the chief executive.

"You see, we are going to have new cement walks and paved streets," explained the little woman in the calico wrapper, "and there is no use of wasting this stone. The men are taking it to the farm, but I see they are having a harder job than was expected—the tree roots have grown around the stone and I don't want the trees injured."

The words of a much abused popular song came to me with new meaning as I sat talking to the governor's wife in the cool flower scented family sitting room of her family.

"There's the sunshine of the country in her face and manner, too." That used to have a hackneyed sound when sung in the average voice accompanied by a weird stammering on a flat dweller's piano, but here with little Mrs. Harris smiling through her steel bowed spectacles, both words and sentiment rang true.

Mrs. Harris is an extraordinary woman. What governor's lady ever before blackened her kitchen stove every morning with her own hands and washed the dishes, not forgetting to scald out the kitchen sink and lay dish cloth out on the grass to "sweeten"?

What sort of training is it that enables a woman to keep posted on political questions and the price of butter and eggs at the same time, wear a calico wrapper or a silk gown with equal dignity?

Mrs. Harris is 61, according to the family Bible, but in spirit she is still the same happy country girl that waived good-bye to "Andy" Harris, smiling through her tears, when he marched off to war in the early 60's.

"We were sweethearts then,"

she said softly, "and he might have forgotten me like others forgot girls they left behind—but he didn't."

A slender, energetic woman, she is always busy, always cheery and always helpful. Her waving auburn hair, just tinged with gray, is worn parted and rolled over her ears into a knot behind like our grandmothers wore theirs.

She is as spry as a cricket. Her blue eyes twinkled behind their "specs" in homely good nature and the few wrinkles that crease her soft white skin are "laughter wrinkles"—little rivulets for smiles to run in, about the eyes and mouth.

Freckles like those seen on a healthy farmer's boy who has spent his days fishing among the willows along the creek, bridge her small, lightly upturned nose.

"Will you go to Columbus, soon, Mrs. Harris?" I asked, mentally contrasting the streets of a big city in the summer with the luscious greenery and fragrant repose of the Harris home at Eaton.

"Well, I'm not going to Columbus until I have pulled and put away my onions for the winter—that's all there is that," she replied with lips that settled into firmer lines under the stress of household cares.

The day after Mrs. Harris was told her husband was governor of Ohio instead of lieutenant governor she was canning fruit. The long rows of ruddy cherries and purple berries stand neatly labeled on the swing shelves of the big, dark cellar—ready for winter—but there will be no one at the Harris home to enjoy them.—Citizen.

## Lands For Veterans.

Much interest is being aroused by the approach of the time for the opening of the Shoshone or Wind River Indian reservation, which is set for August 15, and particularly by old soldiers, for the reason that they are specially favored in the distribution. The lands to be thus thrown open to settlement comprise about 2000 square miles, so that the tract is about twice the size of Franklin county. The reservation lies just west of the center of Wyoming and so is south of, and not far from Yellowstone Park.

The land is said to have great agricultural, mineral and timber wealth. Gold in both vein and placers is said to be found all through the tract, while copper and silver are believed to be found in paying quantities. The rough part of the land is covered with fine hardwood trees. This is all virgin forest, and in fact the whole wealth of the region is undeveloped.

Any soldier, sailor, seaman or marine whether officer or not, who served in the war of the rebellion or the Spanish-Philippine war, for at least 90 days, and has an honorable discharge, and who has remained loyal to the United States, may file a claim for a section or 160 acres, through an agent; providing that he can make affidavit that he does not own in any other state or territory of the United States, more than 160 acres of land, and that he has not taken a homestead before.

All who take lands in the reservation when it is opened—soldiers as well, must do so, under the homestead provisions which include residence upon it for the next five years with its improvement—provided that in the case of soldiers they may deduct from the five years required, the length of service in the wars. However, residents of at least one year will be required in any case. If a soldier was discharged for wounds or disability, he may deduct the full term of his enlistment from the homestead residence period.—Dispatch.

## Valuable Property for Sale

Having purchased the Dye farm of 130 in the town of Logan, and desiring to keep only about 20 acres same, will sell 110 acres including some bottom land and all of hill and ridge part. Will sell as a whole or divide. Soil is productive and farm is in first class repair. Would include at a low price all of the building now on front part of farm, so that purchasers could afford to move same. If sold soon would include growing crops.

See S. A. Colson, on farm, or write me at Buckhannon, W. Va. June 14, 41. J. E. R. SINE.

## After Forty Years.

A week or so ago the Issue told the story of an attempt to embarrass Governor Pattison at the Ohio Penitentiary. A plot of the present officeholders there was formed to prevent by an overstrained legal technicality the introduction of a new penitentiary board manager appointed by Mr. Pattison according to his duties as Governor. Ultimately, the holding of the offices at the penitentiary was the stake for which the conspirators played. At the head of the plot was Orin B. Gould, the penitentiary warden, and chairman of the republican State Central Committee, assisted by a renegade whisky Herriek Democrat named Burton, who used to edit the whisky organ of Cincinnati, The Southwest. The decent Republicans of the state jumped upon the scheme with both feet and scared the plotters out.

Just now comes a renewal of the same general scheme of embarrassing this time over at the State House. Mark Slater, Herriek's state printer, at this present writing is resisting the perfectly lawful and proper entrance of J. W. Johnson, Governor Pattison's appointee, to the place. The ostensible grounds are about the same as those alleged down at the Penitentiary. Slater is another member of the Republican State Committee, from the Dayton district, the committee over which Warden Gould presides as chairman. Respectable Republicans are hanging their heads at this shameful performance of a second member of the Republican State Central Committee. Republican newspaper organs are conveniently omitting all mention of the connection of Gould and Slater with the party. It is not a thing to be advantageously published. But the facts are there all the same. And there is no doubt whatever but that these two fellows have backing in a lot of other Republican officeholders.

All of which may serve to show the respectable Republicans of Ohio what kind of men the party management has installed in the offices. The lack of even common decency in these parasites is seen in their frantic efforts to hold on to the places from which the voters of the state declared to oust them when they elected Mr. Pattison.

Some time ago, in reading some of Walt Whitman's writings, we came across his description of the causes that led to the civil war, and particularly of the kind of Democrats that filled all the places of power and managed the party conventions then. All the better element of the Democratic party had been forced to the rear. Twenty-five years of uninterrupted power had brought a horde of mere officeholders into control of the conventions and policy of the party. Whitman's description of the situation which led to the war is as follows:

"Of course many and very contradictory things, specialties, developments, constitutional views, etc., went to make up the origin of the war—but the most significant general fact can be best indicated and stated as follows: For twenty-five years previous to the outbreak, the controlling 'Democratic' nominating conventions of our Republic—starting from their primaries in wards or districts, and so expanding to counties, powerful cities, States, and to the great Presidential nominating conventions for a long time before, and inclusive of, that which nominated Buchanan. (Remember they had come to be the fountains and tissues of the American body politic, forming, as it were, the whole blood, legislation, office-holding, etc.) One of these conventions, from 1840 to '60, exhibited a spectacle such as could never be seen except in our own age and in these States. The members who composed it were, seven-eighths of them, the meanest kind of bawling and blowing office-holders, office-seekers, pimps, malignant conspirators, murderers, fancy-men, custom-house clerks, contractors, kept editors, spavens well-trained to carry and fetch, jobbers, infidels, disunionists, terrorists, mail-riders, slavecatchers, pushers of slavery, creatures of the President, creatures of would-be Presidents, spies, bribees, compromisers, lobbyists, spongers, ruin'd sports, expell'd gamblers, policy-backers, monte-dealers, duellists, carriers of concealed weapons, deaf men, maimed men, scarr'd inside with vile disease, gaudy outside with gold chains made from the people's money and harlots' money twisted together; crawling, serpentine men, the lousy combings and born freedom-sellers of the earth, and whence came they? From back-

yards and bar-rooms; from out of the custom-houses, marshals' offices, post offices, and gambling-hells; from the President's house, the jail, the station-house; from unnamed places, where devilish diabolism was hatch'd at midnight; from political hearse, and from the coffins inside, and from the shrouds inside of the coffins; from the tumors and abscesses of the land; from the skeletons and skulls in the vaults of the federal almshouses; and from the running sores of the great cities. Such, I say, form'd or absolutely controlled the forming, of the entire personnel, the atmosphere, nutriment and chyle, of our municipal, State, and National politics,—substantially permeating, handling, deciding, and wielding everything—legislation, nominations, elections, 'public sentiment,' etc.—while the great masses of the people, farmers, mechanics, and traders, were helpless in their grip. These conditions were mostly prevalent in the north and west, and especially in New York and Philadelphia cities; and the southern leaders, (bad enough, but of a far higher order,) struck hands and affiliated with, and used them. Is it strange that a thunder storm follow'd such morbid and stinging cloud-strata?"

All this was after the Democrats had been in power for twenty-five years. It is now forty years since the war closed, with the Republicans about all the time uninterrupted in power, and with much the same results so far as the make-up of part of the party management is concerned. Last fall, the great honest masses of the party got a chance at a few of these men on election day, and the nation knows the result.

The Goulds and the Slaters are of the same sort as the bad Democrats forty years ago, and the Good Republicans of to-day will have to sling them out and stamp them down into the mire with the strong foot of condemnation, or the Republicans will go into a forty years' wandering like that from which the Democrats are just now beginning to emerge through Republican foolishness. The quicker the party gets rid of some of its present disgraces, the better its hope for the future.—American Issue, June 15, 1906.

## Job Hunters Change Tune.

Some men can change their politics easier than they can change their linen if the conduct of some men who now are and for some time past have been applicants for state positions can be taken as a criterion.

Friday morning Secretary Houck had 50 file boxes, containing job hunters' applications and recommendations, removed from the governor's office to the rooms of the Democratic committee in the Hayden building.

The applications were from Republicans as well as Democrats, all of whom told how they had supported the Democratic ticket and were strong believers in the reform movement.

A great change has come over many of these patriots, and now they are anxious to prove to Governor Harris that they were always true to the principles of the G. O. P.

To do this with applications on file with the Democratic committee would be impossible and so Secretary Houck, Oil Inspector Finley and acting Secretary Dewese were kept busy Friday digging out the applications, as numerous urgent requests had been made to return them.

"Why don't you move to amend by striking out the word 'Pattison' and inserting the word 'Harris,'" asked Mr. Dewese Friday of one patriot who was more insistent than the others.

"The same fellows who kept the path warm between this building and the State House since January telling up how they worked for us in November, were camped early this morning in the offices of Governor Harris, Secretary of State Laylin and Auditor Guilbert," soliloquized Mr. Dewese.—Citizen.

## Notice of Claim,

Administrator or Executor Against Estate.

(Revised Statutes of Ohio, Sec. 6100.)  
To William Kittamiller, Thomas Kittamiller, Amelia Dent and Frank Kittamiller who reside at Lewistown, Pa. Foreman County, Idaho.  
You will take notice that I have presented to the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for allowance to me against the estate of Peter Kittamiller late of said County, deceased, a certain claim amounting to \$27.15 for nursing and caring for said Peter Kittamiller during his last sickness from November 20, 1902 to January 20, 1903, a week and 8 days, at \$9.00 per week during his lifetime, and that said Court has fixed the time for hearing the testimony touching said claim on the 15th day of July A. D. 1906 at 10 o'clock, A. M.  
MYRTLE GANO  
Administrator of the estate of said Peter Kittamiller deceased.  
June 15, 1906 Dated June 15, 1906

# AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

The Work of the Law Makers Analyzed  
By One of the Master Minds in Congress.

## Champ Clark's Letter

Bright Prospects of the Keystone Democracy—Senatorial Toga Decried by a Republican—Menace of the Chinese Coolies

(Special Washington Letter.)

ONE of my old professors at Bethany college, West Virginia, the beloved Charles Louis Loas, was always shouting to his students, "Carpe diem!" ("Seize the day!") Which means, "Lay hold of the opportunity!" So I say to the Democracy of Pennsylvania, "Carpe diem!" Such an opportunity as they have now may not come again in a quarter of a century if they permit this one to go by unimproved. No situation could be more favorable for them. Last year they elected Mr. Berry state treasurer by 100,000. This year the prohibitionists have nominated the same Mr. Berry for governor. The Lincolnites have also nominated a full ticket, headed by a Mr. Emery, and Boss Penrose nominated a Republican ticket headed by a Mr. Stuart. The Democrats have not nominated their ticket yet. If the Democrats rise to the occasion and nominate first class men on a thoroughgoing reform platform they ought to sweep the state. Judging from the tone of the Pennsylvania papers, the men nominated by the straight Republicans are a fairly good lot—good for Pennsylvania Republicans—and if Boss Penrose had not been on the ground manipulating, dictating, managing, the Lincolnites (independent Republicans) might have been willing to accept them, but while he could most probably have had his ticket nominated without showing his hand he could not resist the temptation of appearing on the scene to let the world know that he still is master in Republican matters of Pennsylvania. The governor of South Carolina remarked to the governor of North Carolina that "it is a long time between drinks." So it is a long time between Democratic governors in Pennsylvania. Robert E. Pattison was elected twice on the sole ground that he was an honest man, which shows the condition of affairs in Pennsylvania after nearly half a century of Republican rule. He would have most probably been elected again if President Roosevelt had not, justly or unjustly, succeeded in making people believe that he settled the coal strike. It certainly would cause the country to sit up and take notice if the Democrats were things in Pennsylvania this fall, thereby overthrowing the Penrose regime, which is a foul stench in the nostrils of the American people. Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, ex-attorney general of the United States and ex-minister to Italy, is the moving spirit among the Lincolnites. He is a man of clean life and splendid ability and has always had a strong penchant for reform politics.

The Wonderful Kansas.  
Wonders will never cease. Foster Dwight Coburn, who was appointed to the senate of the United States to succeed Joseph Ralph Burton, who resigned under fear of being expelled, has declined! Only think of that—and a Republican at that! Thomas Jefferson said in a fit of disgust that "federal officials seldom die and never resign." He seems not to have thought of any one's declining a good fat job. Why, it has been decided that senators and representatives in congress are not federal officials, but state officials. Nevertheless most people look upon them as federal officials, and they will regard Mr. Coburn as a greater curiosity than the sea serpent when they reflect upon how strenuously even great and famous men fight to secure a senatorship or to retain one. Take the case of Senator Carmack and Governor Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, both famous all over the land. They fought for a senatorial toga as though it were the Bourne crown at stake. Think how Douglas and Lincoln contended for the prize in 1858! Here we have the strange case of Mr. Coburn, a first class citizen from all accounts, but not known outside his own small ballwig, declining an honor for which giants fight tooth and nail, and which Charles Curtis, Phil Campbell, W. E. Stanley or Victor Murdock would give his ears to attain. Queer world this, my masters. The Latin had a saying, "De gustibus non est disputandum" (about tastes there is no disputing). Perhaps Mr. Coburn had chosen the better part. A chair in the senate does not always bring honor, contentment or length of days. Ex-Senator Burton can testify to that. But why did Mr. Coburn decline? Some say because many persons in the Sunflower State are superstitious about there being a hoodoo on the Lane senatorial line in Kansas. Surely no man of sense believes such tommyrot as that. True, General James H. Lane, a brilliant and able man, the first senator of that line, committed suicide. Wherefore no man knows to this day. He may have been weary of the work and its contests, for he had led a most strenuous life and was the stormy petrel of the Kansas of his day. Perhaps his mind was unbalanced and like sweet bells jangled out of tune. True also, his immediate successor, Edmund G. Ross, who lost caste with Kansas Republicans and also his seat in the senate because he voted to acquit Andrew Johnson, had a hard time all the rest of his life. True, some others in that line have played in bad luck, but some others in that line have succeeded admirably. The chances are, however, that Mr. Coburn will become more famous by declining than he would have been served out the fragment of Burton's term.

For all time to come Kansas historians will refer to Mr. Coburn as the modest man who would not accept a senatorial toga even when thrust upon him by Governor Hoch. It seems to me that this ought to inspire my brilliant friend William Allen White to do his best.

## Keep Out the Coolies.

That under the guise of making more liberal arrangements to let in Chinese merchants, scholars, travelers, etc., there is a purpose even in higher government circles to also make it easier for Chinese coolies to come in is plain as the nose on one's face—even such a nose as Lord Napier's or the Iron Duke's. I am resolutely opposed to Chinese coolies coming to this country, because our laborers cannot compete with them and live.

It is also clear as the sun that our government is more and more becoming a bureaucracy, and to that I am opposed. No executive officer ought to be permitted to suspend either wholly or in part a law of congress. If he does, no matter how high and mighty he is, he ought to be impeached.

Not long since in the house I succinctly stated my position on both these points of interest to the American people in the following words:

Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of this amendment increasing the appropriation for enforcing the Chinese exclusion act from \$500,000 to \$600,000. In 1904 we appropriated \$500,000 to enforce this Chinese exclusion law. In 1895 we appropriated \$250,000. Now Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent says that last year they did not expend \$600,000, and therefore this year they come and ask for only \$500,000.

I remember that two or three years ago my friend, the gentleman from Georgia, Judge Bartlett, introduced an amendment here appropriating \$250,000 to prosecute the trusts—a special fund. The gentleman from Iowa, Colonel Hepburn, not satisfied with that, "raised" Judge Bartlett to his own game by offering an amendment to Judge Bartlett's amendment, increasing the amount of the special fund to prosecute trusts to \$500,000. Colonel Hepburn's amendment was received with great applause and went through with a whoop. We thought that we had secured an abundant ammunition to kill the trusts. It turned out at the end of that fiscal year that the department of justice had only expended \$100,000 of that money—about one-fifth of a small portion of the half million. During that time the land was as full of trusts as Egypt was of locusts or flies, and it is as full of trusts yet. If that \$500,000 had been effectively expended by the department of justice in prosecuting trusts to \$500,000, Colonel Hepburn's amendment would have been killed dead as a smelt long before this.

The great body of the American people—particularly the laboring people—want these Chinese coolies kept out of here. It makes no difference how much it costs, and it makes no difference whom it makes mad. Congress did its duty by passing a good exclusion bill and then supplemented that action by doing its duty by appropriating \$500,000 a year for two years. It is the executive branch of the government that failed in its duty, according to the testimony of Mr. Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent, by not enforcing the law as it stands. That is the reason the last appropriation of \$500,000 was not exhausted.

## Our Chinese Trade.

We have much talk about this Chinese boycott. Our trade with China is a mere bagatelle. Our exports to China only amount to 2 1/2 per cent of our total exports. Our imports from China only amount to 3 1/2 per cent of our total imports. And the truth is that the Chinese do not buy from us because they love us; the English do not buy from us because they love us. A very great affection has been engendered in the last two or three years between us and England; it's so sudden, don't you know—too sudden to last. But nobody buys our stuffs because they love us; they buy our stuffs because ours are better than anybody else's stuffs or because they are cheaper than anybody else's stuffs. Love and affection count for little or nothing in commerce. It is business, pure and simple, and every one of us knows it. If we make better products than other people and sell them cheaper we will get other nations, but if other nations make better products or sell them cheaper we will outstrip us in the markets of the world. That's the whole case in a nutshell and all there is to it.

## A Frisky Diplomat.

The truth about this boycott, as I understand it now, is that that celebrated ar frisky diplomat, Wu Ting Fang, who before he went home committed enough infractions of the diplomatic protocol to fill a country to have caused forty white diplomats to receive their passports. When he went home, pretending to be a great friend of the American people, he was hated and engineered that boycott. He went around this country advising people what to eat and wear and how to behave; inquiring of women how many children they had and of husbands how many wives they had, poking his bill into American affairs generally. If he had been a white man he would have been ordered out of this country long before he went. Washington ordered him out of the country for committing one of the improprieties that the Chinaman did. Grover Cleveland sent Lord Salisbury West out of here in a hurry for saying a thing that at the worst was a very slight impropriety.

Gentlemen say they simply want the educated Chinese classes to come over freely. That's the theory as it is pronounced, but the trouble about this proposed Chinese question is that the Chinamen look alike to us, and you cannot tell one from another or teller from which. They get the coolies in here in every sort of a way and by every sort of a trick. The gentleman from New York (Mr. Fitzgerald) stated that the persons interested in getting coolies in that is, the Chinese, the Chinese in San Francisco and a good many up on the northern border and a good many on the Mexican border—make a profit of from five hundred to one thousand dollars a head for every Chinaman they smuggle in. I read on the train today a plume in one of the Philadelphia papers, which I intended to cut out and use here, not knowing that this question was coming up so soon, but I left the paper on the train. It gave an account of some place on the border where they had actually rigged up a tunnel to get the coolies in here, and had men work at

It constantly and successfully. I agree with what the gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. Shelby) said awhile ago, and I have heard the chairman of this committee (Mr. Tawney) make the same kind of an objection a dozen or more other times, that this government is drifting into a government of bureaus. Instead of congress running the United States, a lot of bureaucrats are running it. We pass a law. What is the business of the executive department? I do not care a straw whether it is the president or a member of the cabinet or some understrapper. The business of every one of them is to rigidly enforce and carry out the laws which we pass. The worst sort of rid of a bad law is to enforce it. Let us see what Mr. Sargent says. Here is an extract from the hearings before this appropriations committee, which I most heartily commend to all who favor government by congress instead of government by bureaus.

Mr. Sargent—We are not doing so active a business as we were a few months ago. That is the reason this appropriation has not been discussed.

Mr. Sullivan of Massachusetts—From whom did you receive the instructions not to enforce the law? The worst sort of rid of a bad law is to enforce it. Let us see what Mr. Sargent says. Here is an extract from the hearings before this appropriations committee, which I most heartily commend to all who favor government by congress instead of government by bureaus.

Mr. Sargent—I received the instructions from the head of my department, the secretary of the department of commerce and labor. He said that during this agitation about the boycott in China he thought it would be unwise to make the arrests, as they had been previously doing, of government coolies to also make it easier for Chinese coolies to come in is plain as the nose on one's face—even such a nose as Lord Napier's or the Iron Duke's. I am resolutely opposed to Chinese coolies coming to this country, because our laborers cannot compete with them and live.

It is also clear as the sun that our government is more and more becoming a bureaucracy, and to that I am opposed. No executive officer ought to be permitted to suspend either wholly or in part a law of congress. If he does, no matter how high and mighty he is, he ought to be impeached. Not long since in the house I succinctly stated my position on both these points of interest to the American people in the following words: Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of this amendment increasing the appropriation for enforcing the Chinese exclusion act from \$500,000 to \$600,000. In 1904 we appropriated \$500,000 to enforce this Chinese exclusion law. In 1895 we appropriated \$250,000. Now Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent says that last year they did not expend \$600,000, and therefore this year they come and ask for only \$500,000. I remember that two or three years ago my friend, the gentleman from Georgia, Judge Bartlett, introduced an amendment here appropriating \$250,000 to prosecute the trusts—a special fund. The gentleman from Iowa, Colonel Hepburn, not satisfied with that, "raised" Judge Bartlett to his own game by offering an amendment to Judge Bartlett's amendment, increasing the amount of the special fund to prosecute trusts to \$500,000. Colonel Hepburn's amendment was received with great applause and went through with a whoop. We thought that we had secured an abundant ammunition to kill the trusts. It turned out at the end of that fiscal year that the department of justice had only expended \$100,000 of that money—about one-fifth of a small portion of the half million. During that time the land was as full of trusts as Egypt was of locusts or flies, and it is as full of trusts yet. If that \$500,000 had been effectively expended by the department of justice in prosecuting trusts to \$500,000, Colonel Hepburn's amendment would have been killed dead as a smelt long before this.

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## Does the Whole Hog.

Marse Henry Watterson never does things by halves. He is always an enthusiastic whole hogger in everything he turns his mind or his hand to. Consequently when he concluded to support Bryan in 1908 he comes out with a red hot editorial headed "Hurrah For Bryan!" and "Hurrah For Bryan!"

After Littlefield's Scalp.  
Hon. Charles E. Littlefield of Maine has been up in his own ballwig for some time while matters of great pith and moment are being debated and voted on in congress. He is said to have on his hands the fight of his life for renomination. It is also said—in fact, Mr. Littlefield says so himself—in the public prints—that Hon. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is aiding in the effort to take his congressional scalp. If so, Mr. Littlefield has good cause for the hustle he is now manifesting. While as a rule the Pine Tree State is reliably Republican, it is only a few years ago that her people, Gompers, horse, foot and dragon. If anybody doubts that, let him call Senator Eugene Hale and ask him if he has any more or less painful recollections on that subject. What has been done may be done again, and it would delight the hearts of patriotic citizens to see Maine Democrats once more in house and senate and to see another Democratic governor of Maine.

The Democrats of the senate did a gracious act by electing Senator Blackburn of Kentucky to succeed Senator Gorman as chairman of the caucus. It cannot give him back the curule chair which Judge Thomas H. Paynter will occupy after March 4, 1907, but it does show the high esteem in which Senator Blackburn is held by those who have served with him a long time. He is as true a sample of the genuine Kentuckian as ever walked down Pennsylvania avenue and will be greatly missed in Washington.

Mr. All in  
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